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## Louis Spohr.

(From the London Musical World, Nov. 5.)

LOUIS SPOHR, Electoral Court *Capellmeister*, member of several musical societies, the greatest German violinist of the age, and one of its most distinguished and original composers, was the son of a surgeon. He was born at Seesen, in the duchy of Brunswick, in 1783. It was only in consideration of the eminent talent he displayed for music, even in his earliest childhood, and in every possible fashion, that his father subsequently allowed him to choose it for his more especial occupation. Still, he was not permitted entirely to neglect his scientific studies. This accounts for the high degree of mental culture—quite distinct from mere technical skill—which, in after years, enabled Spohr, as a composer, a first-rate player, and, moreover, as a man, to tower, like some Corypheus, as highly as he did above so many masters of his time. His first violin instructor was that admirable musician Maucourt. His great talent soon exhibited itself, and he entered, as chamber-musician, the service of the Duke of Brunswick. Two or three years later, and with assistance from the Duke, he accompanied his second master, the celebrated violinist Eck, on a tour, extending as far as Russia. In 1804, he made another artistic tour through Germany. The high degree of mastery skill he had then attained, especially in violin playing, is proved by a notice, in the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, then published in Leipzig, of his performances in that city. The notice is as follows:

"Spohr afforded us more elevated enjoyment than any other violinist we can remember (except Rode, by the way) ever did. He is, without a doubt, one of the most admirable living violinists, and we should be astonished at what he effects, especially if we consider how young he is, if our rapturous delight would only allow us to feel mere cold astonishment at all. He gave us a grand concerto (in D major) of his own composition, repeating it by desire, and another (in E minor) also written by himself. Just as his entire nature leans most to what is great, and softly melancholy, so does his magnificent play. Spohr can do anything, but it is by the qualities just mentioned that he particularly carries away his auditors, &c."

The qualities for which he was here praised, he brought—if, indeed, they were capable of being improved—to the very highest pitch, where, far surpassing every one around him, he kept them till the latest moments of his playing in public, which was somewhere between 1828 and 1830. From 1818 to 1824 especially, Spohr's mastery over his instrument was more celebrated than that of any violinist before him. He was then no more a mere German or a mere European; his fame had filled the world. In the year 1805, he was appointed Ducal *Concertmeister* at Gotha. As we have hinted above, he had already written several grand instrumental works, especially for the violin. He now busied himself still more zealously with compositions, and wrote concertos for the violin and the clarinet (the latter, by the way, for his friend, Herrnstadt), quartets and quintets, duets for the violin, variations and *potpourris* with harp accompaniment, and several overtures. In addition to these he wrote also several collections of most admirable songs, with pianoforte accompaniment, a grand oratorio, *The Last Judgment*, and an opera, *Der Zueikampf der Geliebten*. It is not to be denied that Spohr was then less happy in grand vocal than in purely instrumental compositions. At times he supposed the voice capable of things peculiar to instruments, and to be successfully executed only by the latter. As a natural consequence it was in this respect alone that he continued to be, as instrumental composer and violinist, the object of

admiration on a grand scale. The unexampled purity, dexterity, decision, and certainty of his play, the really wonderful strength and soul of his "bowing," the exceedingly varied nature of his execution, the dignity, warmth, and grace which he breathed into every single tone he produced, besides his deep musical knowledge, and delicately cultivated taste, his capability of entering into the spirit of the most different compositions, and, lastly, the fact that in his play just as in his compositions, he never, in despite of any difficulties, however enormous, endeavored to exhibit mere technical skill, but strove to render his concertos, in both these respects, the free and living outpourings of a feeling and inspired mind—all this indeed made him such an artist as Germany had never previously known, and such as, if a mere composer of operas and overtures, he would then scarcely have become.

From Gotha, where he had meanwhile married, he made several fresh tours through Germany. He created a great sensation, more especially at the musical festivals in Frankenhäusen, &c., with which Bischoff was then beginning, and in Vienna, whither he was summoned, in 1813, as *Capellmeister*, at the Theater an der Wien; there it was that in the grand concerts, given on the occasion of the Congress, in 1814, he achieved a brilliant triumph over the celebrated Rode himself. It was an elevating and indescribable treat to hear him play with his wife, that distinguished virtuosa on the harp. In Vienna, in 1814, he wrote his magnificent *Faust*, his first grand symphony, and his oratorio, *Das Befreite Deutschland* (*Germany Delivered*). It was during a journey he took with his wife to Italy, in 1817, that he first carried his reputation abroad. Everywhere he excited the loudest admiration. On his return, he was presented with the post of a *Musikdirector*, in the theatre at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, but he resigned it in 1819, for the purpose of making a journey to England. In London he was almost idolized. It is scarcely credible what a high price was charged by him for admission to his concerts, and asked by the managers of the theatres where he played. Despite of this, however, every one flocked to hear and to admire the German master. At Court, too, he met with the most brilliant reception, and the most tempting offers were made for the purpose of inducing him to remain in London, but he had scarcely completed his second grand symphony before he returned to the Continent. He now spent a winter in retirement at Dresden. At last he received an offer from Cassel. By his acceptance of it, he was enabled, as the careful director and head of a large Art-institution, to develop more fully, and find greater scope for, his grand and magnificent career, as well as to commence a completely new period in his artistic existence, inasmuch as he soon began cultivating the theoretical more than the practical part of his art. Although, now and then, both in Cassel and elsewhere, he afterwards vindicated the claims and powers of his technical skill, yet, as far as we know, he never again came forward with anything of importance in which those claims and those powers were especially the principal supports of his artistic credit.

If we remember aright, he made no more long professional tours, but he endeavored, in order to remain true to this branch of his art—namely, technical skill—to endow with more effective vitality, which should render it more general, the influence which he himself had formerly, during his various journeys, won for German violin-playing. He instructed a number of pupils, who afterwards went out into the world, and, by the success of their play, everywhere obtained a reader admittance for, and recognition of Spohr's

method. He had no necessity to look for pupils; they flocked to him from all sides, and, frequently, at a great sacrifice. It was, also, during this new period of his life, that he not only wrote his most important and most beautiful instrumental pieces, which, by the way, like the others, consist mostly of concertos and quartets for the violin—amongst which we feel bound to mention especially the concerto in the form of a vocal *scena*, the celebrated *notturno*, the nonet and the double quartet, as master-pieces of their kind—besides, moreover, the music to *Macbeth*, and the glorious symphony, *Die Weihe der Töne*—not only did he write all these, but he applied himself with greater love to dramatic composition, gaining, from day to day, from work to work, skill, quickness, and experience in the grander kind of vocal compositions. Even his opera of *Zemire und Azor* is full of the deepest and most touching sentiment. This was succeeded by *Jessonda*, the work most strongly stamped with the nobleness of style peculiar to him. *Der Berggeist* did not take so much. *Peter von Apone*, as far as we are aware, has been given nowhere but in Cassel, while we know the *Alchymist* only by the pianoforte arrangement of it, published in 1832. For the Church he composed several masses—among which is that one so indescribably difficult of execution by voices alone—and that incomparably beautiful oratorio, *Die letzten Dinge*, performed with such great success in various places, especially Düsseldorf.

Spohr's principal characteristics as a composer are a certain nobleness and inspired elevation. The nobleness of his whole style is never at fault, and it is precisely this characteristic—which appears to pervade his entire existence as an artist—that places him nearest the earnestness and dignity of Mozart. In whatever Spohr has composed, there breathes a soft yearning, a yearning after something more than earthly. He is altogether elegiac, and must, therefore, never be taken except in the moment of deep inspiration. He loves strange keys, but they are no mere foolish whims. No composer has so many flats and sharps continually on his paper as Spohr, but we should err strangely, were we to suppose he is gratifying any petty vanity when he does so. These modulations are naturally rooted in his whole artistic being, and their creation springs from his most inward soul. And are they not beautiful? Do they not raise us upon high, far above all earthly reality? That he was one of our greatest masters of harmony, we should perceive without this. As a composer of sacred music, he started avowedly from the conviction—which, by the way, is perfectly correct—that a genuine church effect is to be obtained only by massiveness. Hence the wonderfully beautiful choruses in his oratorios and masses, and the sterling worth, moderation, and wise arrangement of the rest. His solos, in such works, are mostly treated as recitative; we meet with few duets, while trios, sextets, and the other half-theatrical forms, are scarcely found at all. The serious, dignified quartet was the only form considered by him appropriate for the outpouring of the highest sentiments the human breast can feel. Handel's strong mind seems, in this respect, to have descended to Spohr, only that with the force of Handel were united Spohr's own gentleness and feeling tenderness.

As a dramatic composer, Spohr was especially characterized by a certainty of hitting on the right kind of musical expression, in the first place, and, in the next, by a constant combination of the separate details into one homogeneous whole. The connection of the separately-developed thoughts and sensations in his works is always well managed, true without being forced,

significantly arranged in the transition from one to the other, and yet as free apparently in the play of the imagination, as the clearness of the ideas will suffer in such a mode of exhibiting them. Everywhere do we find unity in the most beautiful variety. No gap in the progress of the subject to be represented interrupts the clear and yet grand interweavings—now and then reminding us of Mozart's genius—of an invariably beautiful system of melody, which alone would win the heart of every impartial listener, even if the harmonic portion of the work were not treated with such admirable scrupulousness in the very smallest detail. In this respect, indeed, Spohr may be charged with a certain excess, which somewhat dims the clearness of the sentiment, and obscures the brightness of the chain of thoughts—an excess occasioned principally by a mostly artificial treatment of the middle parts, whose strange movements appear to excite even in the composer himself too many remote subordinate ideas, provocative of forced combinations of melody and harmony. This charge applies to him, however, far less as a composer generally, and, perhaps not at all merely as an instrumental composer. As such he is truly grand; the only exception that can be taken to him in this respect is that the peculiar frame of mind which causes every one of his larger compositions, like an elegy, as it were, to appear enveloped in the most enthusiastic romanticism, is too much extended to heterogeneous objects. The consequence is, that, looking upon all his works as a whole, he now and then becomes somewhat monotonous in coloring. At all events, however, Spohr—as we said at the commencement of our article—apart from his high artistic merit as a *virtuoso* and musician generally, was one of the greatest, most gifted, and most productive composers of his day. Besides this, as a man of finished education and personal worth, he stands upon an eminence to which we can only look up with respect, and regard him as one of the brightest ornaments of Germany.

### Death of Dr. Spohr.

(From the Same.)

Spohr has died, full of years, crowned with glory, bending under the weight of laurels. The last of the Teutonic family of musical giants (in the opinion of many respectable judges the least "directly inspired"), this remarkable man excelled in every branch of composition. Oratorio, opera, orchestral symphony, quartet, and almost all the various forms of chamber-music, were copiously illustrated by his fertile pen. No career was ever more completely and conscientiously accomplished than that of Spohr, who, at the age of 76, was still laboring, still producing, still performing what, through a long and industrious life, he had uniformly regarded as a sacred duty. That the honored master, had he been longer spared, could have increased the obligations already conferred upon the art of which he was so shining an ornament, is not probable. What it was his veritable commission to communicate, he had assiduously and faithfully communicated. None ever worked more earnestly; none ever regarded the artistic calling from a higher and a nobler point of view; none ever held the special science of music in more religious veneration.

Not only a man of genius, but essentially an artist in the purest sense, while adding to the treasures of art, and in a certain direction materially widening its domain. Spohr strove with all his might to elevate the status of his profession; and that he did not succeed to the utmost of his wish, must be attributed to the fact of his remaining fixed during the period of nearly one-half his natural life in the trumpery court of Hesse-Cassel, where his enlightened sentiments found no echo, and his liberal notion of politics (no less than of Art) were anything rather than agreeable to the reigning powers. After officiating thirty-five years as *Kapellmeister* and musical director of the Electoral Theatre, Spohr was compelled to abandon a post, the duties of which age and rapidly approaching infirmity prevented him from fulfilling in such a manner as entirely to satisfy himself. Nevertheless, during this long period he had failed to make himself acceptable and well-behoken in high places. To the present Elector the man and his opinions, uttered and maintained with uncompromising candor, were particularly distasteful; and this want of sympathy, demonstrated in all sorts of petty ways, found

vent in vexations and annoyances too contemptible for description. The illustrious musician was only retained at Cassel out of jealousy, lest other German courts should be induced to offer him a home more congenial to his aspirations and in accordance with his worth. When, however, he had resigned his position, and there was no likelihood whatever of his soliciting another, he was not merely subdued but insulted. One instance of the treatment to which he was exposed will suffice, we think, to hold the perpetrators up to contempt in the eyes of all right-minded persons. Though no longer music director, Spohr could not divest himself of the habits of an unusually protracted life, and was ever hovering about the scene of his former triumph, ever in the theatre at rehearsals, and on the nights of performance. But old age had brought with it comparative deafness; and, in order to hear the orchestral effects more distinctly, the venerable musician would, at intervals, seat himself among the players, near the back of the orchestra. This being, on one occasion, remarked by the Elector, the mighty ruler of Hesse-Cassel indignantly gave orders that his ex-*kapellmeister* should be reminded how it was against the regulations of the Electoral Theatre for strangers to be admitted into the orchestra; and Spohr—Dr. Spohr, composer of the *Letzen Dinge*, *Jessonda*, *Faust*, the *Weibe der Töne*, the Violin Concertos, the Double Quartets, and one hundred masterpieces—Louis (Ludwig) Spohr, aged seventy-six, and nearly forty years *kapellmeister* at the Court of Hesse—was actually expelled by a Hessian yellow-plush from the orchestra of that theatre, at the head of the musical department of which he had during all those years presided, and on the stage of which some of his finest works had been produced! Yes, reader, Spohr was expelled; and the menly-mouthed parasites of Cassel permitted the scandalous proceeding to pass without a word of disapproval. What they may have protested in their boots, we cannot pretend to guess; but *visà voce*, or in private, nothing was said at all.

But if the great composer was not a prophet in his own narrow, cramped-up, self-selected residence, he was honored not the less all over the length and breadth of "trans" and "cis"—Hessian Germany. In every city, town, or even village, the tall and imposing figure, the large and open physiognomy, of *Altmeister* Spohr was familiar and revered. A visit from Spohr was a *fête* to the inhabitants—we do not say "the musical inhabitants," for in the majority of German towns all the inhabitants are musical. Many of us here in England still remember the enthusiasm with which he was received at the Bonn Festival of 1845, when the statue of Beethoven was uncovered in the Münster-Platz, amidst thousands of spectators and a sprinkling of "majesties." The eagerness with which Liszt (already Dr. Liszt) resigned the *bâton* in favor of Spohr, when the Choral Symphony was to be taken in hand; the admirable manner in which the performance of that colossal work was directed; the impression it produced; the flowers presented to the even then somewhat venerable (he was sixty-two) conductor; the wreath with which a bevy of the fairest of the fair Teutonic maidens, who had sung in the chorus, tried in vain, to encircle his ample brow, the unwillingness of Spohr to be thus hedged, being ultimately expressed by a disdainful movement of the head and hand (as much as to say—"Keep that for Liszt; he will want it after his *cantata*"), which disconcerted the damsels and shivered the wreath into petals that were scattered over the heads of the orchestral performers; these, and other incidents of that exciting festival must have been so vividly impressed upon all who witnessed them, as still to hold a place in the memory's storehouse. If not, *n'importe*; it is enough to allude to them.

Of what was thought of Spohr in this country, which he visited almost as frequently as Mendelssohn himself, it is scarcely necessary to remind our readers. His last journey to London was in 1853, when he came (at the invitation of Dr. Wyld) to produce some of his works at the New Philharmonic Concerts; two of which he conducted.

Dr. Spohr—as a contemporary critic has justly said—was "indeed an illustrious musician—a man of genius no less than acquirement, and an honor to the art he adorned and enriched by his writings. In one department of composition he is probably unrivalled. No predecessor or contemporary produced so much and so well for the first of orchestral as it is the first of solo instruments. His compositions for the violin (as a performer on which instrument he had few rivals) form one of the most important and valuable bequests that genius has made to Art. Spohr represented, in short, the pure and legitimate school of German violin playing. In chamber music (to allude to his works for the theatre, the church, and orchestra,

would be superfluous here), too, he approached more nearly in excellence than any other composer to Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn, while he equalled them in the number and variety of his productions. To speak of such a man as one of the common sort of artists, as a dry pedant, or anything less than an admirable master, were to set the very conditions of Art in defiance."

### Luther's Hymn: "Ein' Feste Burg."

(From the Lutheran Standard, Columbus, O.)

A great many versions of Luther's celebrated hymn, "Ein feste Burg," have been given to the public, all of which, as far as we know, come far short of manifesting the true power and sentiment of the original. Our friend L. H. has accordingly given considerable time and study to present the Church a translation (his second), which we believe to be in every respect vastly superior to any other given, and which embodies the very sentiments of the original. That our readers may make a fair comparison, we give the original as well as the new version below.

The original hymn as written by Luther, A. D., 1529:

I.  
Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott,  
Ein gute Wehr und Waffen;  
Er hilft uns frei aus aller Noth,  
Die uns hat jetzt betroffen.  
Der alt' böse Feind  
Mit Ernst er's jetzt meint;  
Gross' Macht und viel List  
Sein grammaß Rüstung ist;  
Auf Erd' ist nicht sein's Gleichem.

II.  
Mit unser' Macht ist Nichts gethan,  
Wir sind gar bald verloren;  
Es streit' fuer uns der rechte Mann,  
Den Gott hat selbst erkoren.  
Fragest du wer der ist?  
Er heisst Jesu Christ,  
Der Herr Zebaoth,  
Und ist kein ander Gott;  
Das Feld muss er behalten.

III.  
Und wenn die Welt voll Teufel waer,  
Und woelt uns gar verschlingen,  
So fuerchten wir uns nicht so sehr,  
Es soll uns doch gelingen.  
Der Fuerst dieser Welt,  
We saun' er sich stellt,  
Thut er uns doch Nichts;  
Das macht, er ist gericht';  
Ein Wortlein kann ihn fallen.

IV.  
Das Wort sie sollen lassen stahn  
Und kein'n Dank dazu haben!  
Er ist bei uns wohl auf dem Plan,  
Mit seinem Geist und Gaben.  
Nehm'n sie uns den Leib,  
Gut, Ehr, Kind und Weib,  
Lass fahren dahl;  
Sie haben's kein'n Gewinn!  
Das Reich muss uns doch bleiben!

The translation is as follows:

### LUTHER'S HYMN.

"Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott."

TRANSLATED BY L. H.

I.  
Our God's a fortress strong indeed,  
A shield and sword unfailing;  
Us will He free from ev'ry need,  
And danger now prevailing.  
The old bitter foe,  
Is bent on our woe;  
Armed fiercely with spite,  
Deep guile and fearful might;  
He a lion earth surpasses.

II.  
Our mightiest efforts all are vain,  
Our fall were soon effected;  
There fights for us the very man:  
Him God Himself elected.  
Who, ask you, is this?  
Christ Jesus—who is  
Of Sabaoth Lord—  
Him God of all record!  
He needs must be the victor.

III.  
Though earth, of devils full, essayed  
To bring destruction o'er us;  
We'll not be very much afraid;  
Success is sure before us.  
And though this world's prince,  
Fierce anger evince;  
No harm is us done;  
For judged is he by One,  
Least word of whom can fell him.

IV.  
The word despite of foes shall stand,  
No thanks to them—He's near us,  
Upon the field with helping hand,  
Whose gifts and Spirit cheer us.  
And should they take life,  
Goods, fame, child and wife;  
Let all go—ev'n then,  
To them there is no gain;  
For ours remains the kingdom.



**Practical Answers to Practical Questions.**

*Is it right, when one person is playing or singing, by request, for the entertainment of others, for some to converse either aloud or in whispers, in their presence? It is ungrateful and discourteous, and should not be tolerated. When once Beethoven was playing a duet with his pupil, Ries, before a company of court ladies, at Vienna, on hearing them commence to talk, he snatched the hands of his pupil from the instrument, saying, "I do not play before such swine."*—Moscheles.

*Is it right for any one in playing a piece of music, to exercise their own judgment as to the style and manner of performance? Every master has written his piece as he wishes to have it played, therefore every note, word, and sign, upon the music page should be sacred in the eyes of the player, and faithfully interpreted.*—A. B. Marx.

*Is it right for any person to pronounce judgment upon any musical composition, after merely drumming it over, or giving it but a superficial examination? Every piece of music is a sealed book to him whose skill and education in music does not enable him to play and understand it like a master; and only with such knowledge and execution can any one form a proper judgment of a musical work of Art.*—Carl Czerny.

*Is it right to collect large numbers of people together, and set them all to screaming and shouting upon one common principle, without regard to individual peculiarities and vocal difficulties? No physician would enter the wards of a hospital and give physic miscellaneously without inquiring into the wants of each patient; and yet there would be as much justice in doing so as in the former case. Every pupil should be trained alone, at least until perfect in vocalization.*—Panseron.

*Is it right in choral practice to double any one part and play three parts in the other hand, as is so customary with many? Again, play every piece as its author has written it. If each hand has the usual number of fingers, let the work be divided equally between the hands, unless either of the middle parts should be so remote from the outer part as to render it necessary for the time being, to take it up with the other hand.*—Schneider.

*Is it right to rely implicitly upon musical talent, so called, without cultivation or instruction, thus allowing so many "self-taught" players to be inflicted upon the community as we are now obliged to listen to? One who would become a good pianist needs nothing to begin with but a good pair of hands and common sense. Let talent come in afterwards in its proper time and place, and the most desirable results may be obtained.*—Alex. Dreyschok.

**Opera-Loungers and Bohemians in New York.**

We are fast becoming Frenchified. Formerly our well dressed and well-to-do young men were ashamed to make a business of loafing; now it is pretty much their whole occupation. They are no longer loafers, but *flâneurs*. It is such as they who patronize the opera *matinées*, and stand in the parquette doorways and insolently ogle the ladies, greatly to the exasperation of those gentle lovers of music who go to the opera exclusively to enjoy it, and exult in a temporary riddance of "the men." It is a strange spectacle, in this eminently practical and hard-working city, to see a hundred young fops, elaborately macassared and kidded, spending a whole afternoon in staring delicate females out of countenance. This year the nuisance has been more aggravating than usual, and the directors of the opera *matinées* would confer a great favor on their fair patrons by forbidding admission to any man not accompanied by a lady. The "Bohemian" is another importation from France. He is a poor, reckless, devil-may-care fellow, who wastes his money as fast as he gets it, runs in credit to the extent of his "cheek," spends everything on himself, and is a bundle of insatiable appetites. The second-rate artist, the cheap *littérateur*, the indifferent pianist, the histrionic tyro—these are all "Bohemians." They are never men of genius, but indolent fellows, of unbounded vanity, who think they are.—N. Y. Correspondence of the Charleston Mercury.

**Clara Wieck Schumann.**

This lady, who is deservedly ranked among the distinguished pianists of the day, was taught by a method so unusual, that we think a short account of it cannot but be interesting to our readers. It differed in all respects from the common methods of instruction, and in some particulars it was wholly novel.

Her musical instruction began at the age of five

years, and was continued for nearly two years on the instrument alone, without the use of notes. She was first taught the keys, and the fundamental chords in all of them; and she then practised the scale in all the varieties of the keys, and in all directions. She next learned to play by heart, with correctness and perfection, more than two hundred little exercises, which were composed expressly for her; and she also learned to transpose them with facility into all the different keys. In this manner she acquired complete mastery of the mechanical part of playing, and also a good ear and good time. It was not until she had accomplished all this, that she was made acquainted with the notes; which, thus prepared, she of course found an easy task, and soon learned to read music. She now passed directly by all the usual elementary exercises, and took up studies by Clementi, Cramer, Moscheles, the Sonatas of Mozart, the easiest and most comprehensible ones of Beethoven, and such other compositions as would have a tendency on the one hand to give a deeper and more serious tone to the mind and the imagination; and on the other, to promote a good natural and regular mode of fingering. This course of instruction was rigidly and strictly pursued, assisted by a regular daily practice; which, however, was never carried to weariness, much less to exhaustion, as in some cases. The method and the practice combined effected that rapid, but by no means hurried advancement, and that early perfection of her talents which place her in the high rank she now enjoys among the Piano Forte Virtuosi of the present day. The whole was accomplished without injuring her health and without dimming the cheerful happiness of youth by fretting anxiety or over exertion.

**Debut of Miss Patti.**

(From the Tribune, Nov. 25.)

Extraordinary interest was excited last evening on the first appearance of Miss Adeline Patti, of this city, in the character of Lucia. The qualities for this role are, full soprano voice, with absolute facility in the upper notes, thorough volubility of tone or rapid execution, great power of holding tones, especially attenuating them to the last degree, a gentle lady-like demeanor, and to some extent clearness of dramatic action. All these Miss Adeline Patti possesses unequivocally. She is neatly formed, with a sympathetic face; she has a good carriage and mode of holding herself in the necessary dramatic positions. Her voice is clear and excellent; the brilliant execution which she begins with at the outset of her career—she is only turned of sweet sixteen—ranks with that where the best singers end. This is saying a good deal, but it is not an overstatement. As for pronunciation of Italian—purity of syllabication, crispness of enunciation, there is little or nothing to be asked beyond what she exhibits. There is in her as much sentiment as we ought to look for in one so young. Great passion, heart-rending pathos, can only be found in the artist, whether the singer, the actor, or the orator, after an experience with the world's realities, with its sadness, its sorrows. These will all come fast enough to give the tragic element to the young aspirant.

Managers here make a great mistake when they fail to afford every opportunity to American aspiration in whatever artistic form, because they suppose the public will swear by foreign names. Let the claimants be placed before the public fairly and fully enough, and the regard is solely for quality of the article and not whence it comes—Europe or America. The name of Beethoven did not save *Fidelio* from being a bore to the public here; and *The Magic Flute* will not have a great run, even with the name of Mozart, chiefly because the acting drama of the opera is repulsive nonsense and dreary twaddle. So, too, the last batch of raw singers brought across the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, with puffs premonitory, puffs contiguous, and puffs postcedent—they all failed. But Miss Adeline Patti, though an American without a transatlantic puff, though a child brought up in the midst of us, has a positive, unqualified, rich success—because she merited it. The applause from a good audience was immense; calls before the curtain, and bouquets were the order of the night.

Miss Adeline Patti had for coadjutors Messrs. Brignoli and Ferri, who greatly contributed to the success of the evening.

There are at present nine musical Conservatories in Germany, in the following cities: Leipzig, Dresden, Prague, Vienna, Munich, Cologne, two in Berlin, (one under the direction of Stern, and one under Kullak), and Stuttgart. . . . REISSIGER has retired from his place as kapellmeister in Dresden; it is said that ABR, from Brunswick, will succeed him.

**Inspiration in Art.**

(From the Century.)

There is deep signification in the employment of the word *inspiration* in connection with the Fine Arts. Every one who has felt the slightest touch of the artistic impulse, must have been conscious of something free and spontaneous, something lofty and unconstrained in its movements. The mind does not seem so much to obey a law here, as to be a law unto itself. But it does obey a law, most rigidly; and in the very fact that it so freely obeys so high a law lies the evidence of its having arrived at one of its highest conditions. And what could better describe this high condition of mind than the word "inspiration"—a condition where the mind moves most freely in harmony with the suggestions of a something above it to which it must respond? And just here lies a very instructive analogy—one that by its application to all the Fine Arts binds them together in a higher unity of nature and design. But it even goes beyond this, including in its wide scope the elements of our moral being; and by presiding alike over these two departments of our nature—the moral and the aesthetic—shows itself to involve a very highest law of our spiritual being.

And what is this analogy? What is this characteristic that pervades all the Fine Arts? What is this consciousness that attends the mind in the highest condition and activity of the Art faculty?—in the forms and flights of Poetry, in the progressions and combinations of Music; or that attends the mind in the highest condition of the moral faculty—when it is engaged in the love and practice of virtue? Is it not the consciousness of the most perfect, yet free and unconstrained obedience to law? Is law broken or abrogated in these cases? No; but it is so freely obeyed that it lays the mind under no constraint—it only marks out the path that is most willingly trodden. It is the fashion to speak of the great masters as being competent to break the rules of Art. They possess no such prerogative. The conscious freedom of their movements probably gives rise to this notion, while it is not perceived that they are untrammelled, not from despising law, but because their spontaneous movements perfectly accord with it. When we follow Shakespeare in his highest flights, where he seems to move with the most sovereign freedom, is it not just there, if there be any difference, that his observance of rhythm and poetical form seems most faultless? His language appears to be cast in the exact and only mould that might befit the expression of such imperial thoughts, yet it flows with a freedom that seems conscious of no restraint. The same is the case with the highest samples of musical combination and progression. In the most perfect forms of the trio or quartet, each part possesses an individuality of its own, moves as if to attain its own end alone—the most perfect development of itself—yet they all conform rigidly to that higher law which demands that they should all contribute in the highest degree to the perfection of the whole. In fact, as a principle that runs through the whole circle of the Fine Arts, as descriptive of their highest strivings, and as expressive of the highest consciousness of the Art faculty as it presides over their development, we may accept the following rule: *Perfect freedom of movement in strict obedience to law.* The same rule, as already remarked, gives expression to the consciousness of the mind in the highest observance and practice of virtue. So also in respect to social life: *spontaneous and easy observance of all that propriety and the relations of man to man require, is the highest exponent of social manner.* Here we see, then, the same principle working throughout the social, moral and aesthetic departments of human nature, and binding these different regions of man's life together into close unity. And it is a principle necessarily present wherever man displays his highest activity—a being whose prerogative is freedom, yet whose condition is one of *subjection to law.*

**Opera in New York—"Magic Flute"—Little Patti.**

(From Correspondence of the Courier.)

Since my last letter the *Magic Flute* has been performed several times at the Academy of Music, to fair houses. The music is delicious and is to be heard simply as music, with no regard to the plot, or rather the want of plot; for logical connection the story has not. Colson is wonderful in the flowery music of her part, and Stigell sang superbly. His style is most dramatic, and this, after the inanities of Brignoli, is indeed refreshing. Amodio in this opera appears as a black slave! Imagine the rotund baritone capering about with a Day and Martin countenance! As in all parts where he attempts comedy or farce, he exaggerated the humor. But the people

laughed. It was pleasant to see Carl Bergmann back in his proper place, as conductor of the grand orchestra; there are few such as he in the country. As if "the management" was determined to commit pecuniary suicide, *Polinto* was produced on Tuesday night, to a thin audience; neither Albertini nor Beaucarde did as well as Cortesi and Brignoli when the piece was run before. It is to be noticed that though our critics are very sarcastic upon you Bostonians because you did not like this opera, priding themselves on having discovered its beauties, still the public don't seem to see the merits of it, and hence the public most perversely stays away. Last evening Miss Adeline Patti, who, some years ago, sang as an infant prodigy, made her second debut, as a prima donna. Verily, it made us old opera habitués feel older than ever, and the sadness attending the thought of our own years naturally attuned our souls to a full enjoyment of the melancholy beauty of the *Lucia*. So far, I have heard no dissenting opinion touching the abilities of the young debutante. She is most pleasing in countenance, has enjoyed really judicious instruction, rejoices in a freshness of voice extraordinary, and knows no such word as *fiasco*. Let her be heard more.

## Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, NOV. 21.—If we have but few concerts this winter, the quality of those that do take place certainly compensates us for the deficiency. Three such concerts it has seldom, if ever, been my good fortune to hear, in a little more than a week's time, than that of the Schiller Festival; Mme. ABEL's Soirée last Thursday, and the Philharmonic on Saturday. Of the first, I have already given an account, (if you print my tardy last week's letter.) Of the enjoyment which the second afforded, you will have some conception ere this reaches you. The "Kreutzer Sonata" was the *piece de resistance* of the evening, and you cannot hear it played better than it was that evening by MME. ABEL, and Mr. WOLLENHAUPT. It was to me the most satisfactory performance of that composition that I have ever heard. It was a source of great regret that Mr. Wollenhaupt did not favor us with a solo; one cannot hear enough of his playing, and would like to hear him more frequently in public. Madame Abel's solo-pieces were a transcription of an old romance of Martini, of the year 1752, by Stamitz, an *Etude* of Chopin in A flat, and Mendelssohn's lovely first song without words, and as last number, a magnificent Fugue from the Well-tempered Clavichord, and that little gem, Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith." Is it not gratifying in these days of clap-trap and show, to find an artist who, though entirely dependent on the public favor and approbation, will yet not swerve from the high Art standard which alone satisfies him or her? You in Boston are blessed with several such, and the fruits of their steadfastness are seen in the more appreciative audiences; but with us those are very rare who, with whatever good intentions they begin their American career, will not, sooner or later, weary in the cause.

The audience on Thursday was unfortunately small and, mostly, not very appreciative. I was involuntarily reminded of a certain Scripture text, concerning pearls and an animal not celebrated for cleanliness; yet there were enough listeners of a different kind, and these must have delighted, with me, in the strong individuality which the fair artist gave to the different works which she interpreted, and in the thorough excellence with which she rendered them. May her merits find a more worthy acknowledgment with your public than with ours! Aside from Mr. Wollenhaupt, Mme. Abel was assisted by Mr. APTOMMAS, who played two pieces with his usual skill, and a young *débutante*, a Miss MARIE KRAUSCH. This young lady has a clear, though not powerful voice, and did not even bring out its full force, owing probably to some timidity. In an aria from Flotow's *Svradella*, she gave evidence of very good training. She is a pupil of Madame Maron-

celli, the widow of the exile, and for many years a favorite instructress in our city. It was in her second piece, however, that Miss Krausch's voice showed to best advantage. This was Spohr's beautiful: "*Rose, wie bist du so reizend und wild*," while the young artist sang with a degree of sweetness and feeling, which made us hope to hear her again.

The Philharmonic concert opened with Schubert's magnificent symphony in C, which pleased the audience much better than could be expected from its length. The three first parts were admirably played—the finale was hurried too much, by which many of the figures did not come out distinctly. The remaining orchestral pieces were the overtures to *Melusine* and *Fidelio*, and the introduction to *Lohengrin* by Richard Wagner. The latter seemed hardly appropriate to be played separate from the opera—it is hardly more than a bit of rich instrumental coloring, rising gradually from the merest thread of tone, to a full gorgeous phrase of chords, from whence it dwindles down again to whence it came. The soloists were Signor STIGELLI (or Herr Stiegel,) and ARTHUR NAPOLEON. The latter I heard for the first time, and was gratified to find that friend "Trovator's" enthusiasm for him was fully justified. In execution, he is behind very few older players, and in some particulars beyond many of them. His scales for instance, are as pure and clear and even from beginning to end, as I have seldom heard them. He played an arrangement of his own, which was clever enough for a youth like him, but hardly worthy a place in a Philharmonic programme. An encore he answered with Chopin's Waltz in A flat, which he rendered beautifully. Signor Stigelli proved himself that *rara avis*, a first-rate singer at a N. Y. Philharmonic concert, and brought down the house. His rendering of "*Il mistero*" was second to Mario's only in point of voice, and a well deserved encore gave us the pleasure of hearing this gem a second time. His other piece was a very sweet song by himself, *Die Thräne*, (the tear), which he sang as only the composer could, and when called back after this, he roused the audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, by giving them his well known popular song, "The brightest eyes." "It is long since we have had so fine an interpreter of German song among us; and in one particular I have never heard his equal, i. e.,—in pronunciation—both in Italian and German, every syllable could be understood. May we hear him often!" —t—

NEW YORK, NOV. 22.—Last night, Mozart's "*Zauberflöte*" was produced for the benefit of the Germans and other admirers of the old master. The audience was very large and attentive, but not enthusiastic. The music of the opera you are familiar with, and there is no necessity of recapitulating its peculiarities. COLSON was the Queen of Night and sang her two bravura airs excellently, being encored in the second. GAZZANIGA was the Pamina, and made the most out of that uninteresting part. STIGELLI was very great in the tenor role, and FERRI is a capital Papageno; and Mrs. STRAKOSCH is good as Papagena. Indeed, all the singers did justice to their parts, excepting JUNCA, who did not sing well in the fine part of Sarastro.

The scenery was only tol-*lel*, and worked badly. There were some wild beasts and outlandish creaturcs to be affected by the magic flute, and the chorus singers were assisted by some of the German singing societies. The great chorus of priests in praise of Isis was encored.

There was, however, very little enthusiasm. The opera is not one calculated to create a sensation, in this age, and with all its splendor of harmonic wealth it is lacking in those climaxes in which our modern composers are so effective.

Of the production of the "Sicilian Vespers" I have sent you one account. The analysis of the op-

era, by Scudo, published last September in *Dwight's Journal*, was much fuller and better than anything that "Trovator" could furnish. The opera has been successful here, but not brilliantly so. Critics and musicians acknowledge that it is Verdi's most scientific and elaborate work, and in that respect exhibits improvement on the part of the composer. But it has not the irresistible *élan* and *verve* that *Ernani*, *Lombardi*, and even the much abused *Trovatore* have, and so will not be as popular as those works. Yet it is a delightful thing; the finale of the third act is the most elaborate and effective concerted pieces Verdi has produced, surpassing the *Miserere* of *Trovatore*. The final trio of the last act is in style much like the final trio in *Ernani*, and, at its close, MUZZO, the conductor, has introduced the duet of the third act, a taking melody to which he has thrown in a subordinate part for the basso. In the first act COLSON introduces an air from *Simone Boccanegra* and all the ballet music is omitted. So on the whole the "Sicilian Vespers" does not come to us unshorn.

The *Huguenots* will soon be revived for the finale of the season, which will be closed at the end of the month, not to re-open here till February.

TROVATOR.

NEW YORK, NOV. 28.—It is enough to make one leap for joy, like a young hart upon the mountain, to think that at last we have had a truly brilliant success—an operatic sensation, the like of which has not been known since the days of Malibran; so say old opera goers, whose memory reaches back to the Woods, and the Seguinis, and Garcia, and Malibran, and other events and individuals contemporaneous with the Deluge. I don't remember quite so much.

But I remember enough about opera and opera people, to know that since the days of Parodi and Astor Place Opera, we have had no sensation like the great sensation caused by "little PATTI," the girl who made her debut last week in *Lucia*, to the huge delectation of everybody in the house, from the Parquet to "Paradise."

She was born in music, and has been steeped in music all her life. When a child at the age when most children's vocal abilities are limited to

"Patty-cake, patty-cake, baker's man,"

and similar tuneful effusions, this Patti was warbling the melodies of Bellini and Donizetti, and putting her doll to sleep with opera cavatinas. Then she sang in concerts with Paul Jullien, and from her ninth year has been a constant singer. Bosio did not appear in public till she was fifteen.

They have got up a nice story,—I suppose its true, about the musical star that presided over the destinies of little Patti. Her mother, they say, was a prima donna, and in 1843 was engaged at the opera in Madrid. On the night of the 5th of April, she appeared as "Norma," one of her favorite parts, and on the 9th little Adelina was born. From that date the mother lost her voice, and always declared that it had gone to her child.

In 1844, the whole tribe of Patti emigrated from Italy to this country, and the embryo prima donna thus crossed the ocean when barely a year old. She has lived most of her life, (excepting while on a concert tour in Cuba with Gottschalk), in New York.

During this period, she has had every possible advantage for musical education. If a census could be taken of her relatives, the Barillis, Pattis, and Strakoschs, the world would be astonished at the result, but the families are too prolific even to admit of a classification. As they were all artists, of course they soon became scattered to remote quarters of the globe, and were heard of at intervals from Lima, from Venice, from Paris and from New Orleans.

I remember reading not long since, in one of those extinct species of periodical literature, a "ladies' magazine," something about Signora Barili, who was then singing at Palmo's, in this city. The article was



## Don Giovanni.

79

musical score for Don Giovanni, page 79. The score is in G major and 2/4 time, featuring a piano and a vocal line. The piano part includes various ornaments and dynamic markings.

The score consists of eight systems of music. The first system shows the piano part with a forte (*f*) dynamic and a vocal line with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system continues the piano part with a forte (*f*) dynamic and a vocal line with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The third system features a trill (*tr*) in the piano part and a vocal line with a trill (*tr*). The fourth system continues the piano part with a trill (*tr*) and a vocal line with a trill (*tr*). The fifth system shows the piano part with a forte (*f*) dynamic and a vocal line with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The sixth system continues the piano part with a forte (*f*) dynamic and a vocal line with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The seventh system features a trill (*tr*) in the piano part and a vocal line with a trill (*tr*). The eighth system concludes the piece with a trill (*tr*) in the piano part and a vocal line with a trill (*tr*), ending with the word "FINE."

THE OPERA OF

DOZ GLOTTA

H. J. MONTE

FOR 1970-1971

Produced by OLIVER HITCHCOCK and HARRISON

THE OPERA OF  
**DON GIOVANNI;**

COMPOSED BY

**W. A. MOZART,**

AND ARRANGED

**FOR PIANO SOLO.**

Published by **OLIVER DITSON**, 277 Washington Street.

## SKETCH OF MOZART'S "IL DON GIOVANNI."

After the production of "*Le Nozze di Figaro*," at Vienna, in 1786, Mozart visited Prague, whither he had been cordially invited by a distinguished nobleman and connoisseur. On the same evening that he alighted at the castle of his noble entertainer, his opera of "*Le Nozze*" was performed at the theatre. Mozart found himself for the first time presented to that Bohemian audience, of the enthusiasm, discrimination and taste, of which he had heard so much. The news of his presence spread with great rapidity, and the overture was no sooner concluded than the whole audience rose and gave him a general acclamation of welcome.

In a few days he was called upon to give a concert at the Opera House. Great success attended the effort. The concert proved so satisfactory to the music-loving citizens, that another soon followed. Thoroughly delighted with his reception, Mozart one day remarked to Bondini, the manager, "As the Bohemians understand me so well, I must write an opera on purpose for them." Bondini took him at his word; a contract was entered into on the spot for Mozart to furnish the theatre with an opera for the ensuing winter. Thus was laid the foundation of "*Il Don Giovanni*."

The death of the composer's father, shortly subsequent to the making of the contract, obliged him to suspend all application to his art. He left Vienna in September, 1787, for Prague, accompanied by his wife. At this date not a note of the composition was on paper.

Reaching Prague, Mozart took up his quarters at the inn called the Three Lions, in the Coal Market: but he removed subsequently to the house of his friend Dussek, situated in a vineyard at Kozohite, in the picturesque city, studded with ruins, and fronted with embattled fortresses, under the mellowing rays of an autumnal sun, and in the open air, "*Il Don Giovanni*" was written. The house of Dussek was at this time the scene of frequent revelry and amusement; a resort where the choice spirits of the day could meet and unbend. The company he assembled there were very partial to playing bowls, and amidst the uproarious laughter and boisterous merriment attending this game, the composer was engaged in writing out his score, rising from his seat to take part in the game when it became his turn to play.

The work was completed in about six weeks from its commencement. A week only was left for stage rehearsals. At the conclusion of the first rehearsal, he walked out in company with the organist and orchestra-director Kucharz. Talking confidently together, the discourse fell on the new opera. Mozart asked his companion, "What is your opinion of '*Il Don Giovanni*'? It is quite of a different character to '*Figaro*'; do you think it will please as much?" On receiving an encouraging reply, he continued—"Your assurance quiets me; it comes from a connoisseur. But, indeed, I have spared neither labor nor pains to produce something extraordinary for Prague."

The time of the first public performance of "*Il Don Giovanni*" fast approached. Some of the composer's friends became uneasy, and one of them said to him, "Mozart, the first performance of '*Il Don Giovanni*' is to-morrow, and you have not yet written the overture." He appeared to be engaged in

deep thought for some little while, and then, about midnight, he retired to his room accompanied by his wife, whom he requested to make some punch and stay with him to keep him awake. She accordingly began to tell him fairy tales, and odd stories, which made him laugh till the tears came. The punch caused such a drowsiness that he could only go on while his wife was talking; as soon as she ceased, he fell asleep. At length he became so fatigued that his wife persuaded him to take some rest, promising to awake him in an hour's time. He slept so profoundly that she allowed him to repose for two hours. At five in the morning she awoke him. He proceeded to his task, and at seven o'clock the overture was finished.

The late Mr. Attwood, organist of St. Paul's, who was for a time Mozart's pupil, remembered that on entering the musician's apartment one morning, he found the floor strewn with sheets of a score, thrown down one by one as they were finished, and left to dry. It was in this way that the overture to "*Don Giovanni*" was produced.

The appearance of Mozart as leader of the orchestra was the signal for the most general and unbounded applause from all parts of the densely packed audience.

Mozart was extremely sensitive in the point of the manner in which his composition was presented, and he availed himself of various means to bring about his purpose. The following is an example. The original Zerlina of the opera was Signora Bondini, daughter of the manager. In rehearsing that part of the finale of the first act, where she is seized by Don Giovanni, there was some difficulty in getting her to scream in the right manner and place. It was tried repeatedly and failed. At length Mozart, desiring the orchestra to repeat the piece, went quietly on the stage, and awaiting the time that she was to make the exclamation, grasped her so suddenly and so forcibly, that, really alarmed, she shrieked in good earnest. He was now content. "That's the way," said he, "you must cry out just in that manner."

He gave at this time a fresh instance of his extraordinary memory. The drum and trumpet parts to the finale of the second act were written by him without the score, from mere recollection. He brought them himself into the orchestra, and, giving them to the players, said, "Pray, gentlemen, be particularly attentive at this place, (pointing to one,) as I believe that there are four bars either too few or too many." It proved to be as he had said. The brass instruments have frequently no place in the original scores of Mozart. He wrote them continually on a separate paper, carrying the composition in his memory at the time.

"*Il Don Giovanni*" has been considered a mighty monument of human genius, combining, in the language of Mr. Holmes, "the labor of the greatest melodist, symphonist, and master of dramatic expression, ever united in the same individual. Whether we regard the mixture of passions in its concerted music, the profound expression of melancholy, the variety of its situations, the beauty of its accompaniment, or the grandeur of its heightening and protracted scene of terror—the finale of the second act—'*Il Don Giovanni*' stands alone in dramatic eminence. Of all musical romances it is certainly the first."



one of those sickly, fashionable love-tales, and Barili was mentioned as being all soul, fire and passion, and just nineteen years old. People fell in love with her; and a son of Col. Thorne, an old aristocrat who made his money by marrying a rich wife, married Barili. The old Colonel was very indignant at the *mésalliance*, and Barili with her husband went to South America, and both have sunk into oblivion. There was a report of Barili's death, which is since contradicted. This Signora Barili was the oldest sister of Adelina Patti.

Amalia Patti, who married Strakosch, was the next sister. She has talent, but her voice is not sufficiently powerful for her to attain the highest rank in her profession. Carlotta Patti is the next sister, and is the most beautiful of a family, gifted with more than ordinary personal attractions. She is a teacher of music, and gives her lessons in half a dozen languages. Ettore Barili is a brother or half-brother, or a quarter brother, or some other indefinable relative, while Nicolo Barili is another of the same sort. They are both known as tolerable opera singers. Antonio Barili, a clever composer, is another relative; and Carlo Patti, the young violinist, and leader of an orchestra at New Orleans, is another brother, and he and Adelina resemble each other like two peas in a pod.

Adelina Patti has for a number of years lived with her brother-in-law, Maurice Strakosch, and as his house has been a rendezvous for all the operatic artists that have visited New York, the little girl has been heard and petted by all these people. Sontag and Alboni have indulged in glowing predictions as to her future career, and her own family have always believed that she is destined for a brilliant lyric life.

In conversation with the young lady last week, I inquired what she thought in regard to her approaching debut. She shrugged her shoulders, and remarked that it made little difference. She knew it must come some time, so it might as well be first as last. She did not dread it, but on the contrary anticipated the event with joy.

On the evening of Thanksgiving day, she appeared in *Lucia*. Her *entrée* was greeted with prolonged applause, and her first cavatina assured her success. In the repetition of the *cabaletta*, she introduced some surprising variations, and her execution created the liveliest enthusiasm. In the duet that closes the first act, she was less effective, but was three times called before the curtain.

In the second act, her earnest yet modest acting, as well as her exquisite singing, aided in eliciting the liveliest applause. But it was in the mad scene of the last act, that she achieved her greatest success. In execution it was a wonderful performance, while the sympathetic voice of the young singer, and her childish grace, added to the effect.

The next day the papers with one accord sang her praises. Fry, of the *Tribune*, declared she was already equal to Sontag, which is not so. No one ever did sing *Lucia* like Sontag; but then little Patti will be fully as good when she is older. One great reason for the *fiore* she has created is in the fact that she is young and beautiful, has lived all her days in this city, and is known personally to quite a number of our opera-goers. With all her exquisite voice and her elegant execution, she would not have succeeded near so well had she been an awkward, gawky girl or a sedate matron *à la* Laborde.

It certainly would appear difficult to imagine a more exciting or brilliant career than is before Adelina Patti. She is young, beautiful, endowed with as wonderful and precious a musical genius as was ever given\* even to prodigy Mozart; her talents cultivated with care, and surrounded by a devoted and wealthy family. She is a devotee of music from the love of the art, and at the same time has been so surrounded by musical influences that she could be nothing else.

\* Are you sure?—Ed.

From her cradle she has been destined for a prima donna, and for this object in addition to musical and elocutionary tuition she has had her attention directed to the languages. She speaks Italian, French, and English with perfect fluency and understands Spanish and German. Is not all this knowledge a great deal for a girl of seventeen to possess?

Then in the future to what heights of lyric success may she not attain? There is no reason why in ten years ADELINA PATTI will not be the greatest of living *prime donne*.

I wish I was as sure of ten thousand dollars as I am of this fact.

\* \* \* \* \*

MR. FRANZ SCHLOTTER, an excellent musician of this city, announces a series of musical lectures, to commence next week. He illustrates his discourses with specimens on the piano of the music of the various masters of whom he treats.

ARTHUR NAPOLEON, I understand, plays for the first time in Boston, on Saturday night. He is a successful artist and must be popular with you. At a private musical soirée the other night, I heard him play about the entire music of Rossini's *Semiramide*, going right through the opera, accompanying other instruments, and all the while talking on the most irrelevant topics with a companion by his side. Yet he never missed a note of the music.

\* \* \* \* \*

Talking about the "Magic Flute," which a few lager-bier Dutchmen got delighted with, I will close my long rambling letter with a short translation from the piquant criticism of R. De Trobriand, the musical *feuilletonist* of the *Courrier des Etats Unis*. The Baron (they call him baron here) says:

"I would speak now of the music of the 'Magic Flute,' and as I cannot enter into details, I would summarily dispose of it as follows:—suppose that some one should present me with the peruke or wig or head-dress of my grandmother, and tell me to admire the work, the material, and the powdered curls. I should examine with a reverential curiosity that which in its time was considered the *ne plus ultra* of elegance and good taste. But if any fanatic wishes to persuade me that nothing is more beautiful, more effective, more admirable, with all the respect I owe to my grandmother, I say that I would gladly give all her perukes for one lock of the golden or jetty hair to-day so artistically arranged by our young ladies.

"The 'Magic Flute' is, in music, merely my grandmother's peruke. It has made ever so many conquests in days gone by, and I don't doubt it was worthy its fame; but its day is over; now it is only a quaint bit of antiquity, cold and sleepy, that we can only regard as a curiosity. For my part sooner than suffer again the magic of this Flute, I would prefer to gaze all day at the falling rain from the window of a country inn, or read *Adam Bede* in London in a foggy day. Let me have the piano *partition*, and sing me a few selections in the parlor—but, on the stage, with costumes and scenery!—'qu'on me ramène à la Bastille.'"

With this farewell (borrowed) shot at the adorers of a musician, who, had he lived in modern times, would have had sense enough to write in the identical modern style [?] his laudators so much decry, I close.

TROVATOR.

### Boston Public Library.

(Extract from the Seventh Annual Report.)

Among the presents of Mr. Bates, this year, is a collection of about 500 works relating to the history, science, and art of music, forming a library in this department, of which any institution in the world might be proud. It was procured through the intelligent and zealous intervention of a citizen of Boston, Mr. A. W. Thayer, whose name deserves to be held in grateful remembrance by the cultivators of this delightful art in our city. The basis of the collection was the library of the late M. de Koudelka, which

was advertised to be sold by auction at Berlin in January last, and of which it was well said in the advertisement, "Any one knowing the extreme rarity of books of music, particularly of the 15th and 16th centuries, will be surprised at the richness of this collection."

"The zeal of a learned amateur, aided by the most favorable opportunities, served to bring together, in the space of forty years, this choice collection of books, among which the late Mr. Dehn, the profound connoisseur in musical literature, discovered several which were before unknown to him." To the Koudelka Library, Mr. Thayer added more than one hundred volumes, to render the department more complete.

The collection contains most of the early printed musical works of the 15th, 16th, and 17th centuries, some of which have become extremely rare. It has, besides these, many later works of noted excellence. In connection with it should be mentioned 28 quarto volumes of manuscript music selected and copied by Prof. S. W. Dehn, late Custos of the musical collection of the Royal Library of Berlin.

This selection was made for the Library at Mr. Bates's request, under the direction of Mr. Ticknor, from the best published and unpublished musical compositions of the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries, in the Royal Library of Berlin. It was one of the last and one of the best works of an accomplished and lamented connoisseur.

The introduction of music as a branch of study in the public schools of the city, and the growing taste of the community for the higher exhibitions of the art, render the acquisition of materials so ample for its most extensive and scientific pursuit, a subject for public congratulation.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 3, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Conclusion of the Piano-forte Arrangement of *Don Giovanni*, together with title-page and introduction.

### Handel and Haydn Society.

Our good old Oratorio Society came early into the field, last Sunday night, with "Samson." The revival of this dramatic Oratorio of Handel, a popular favorite here in Boston about twenty years ago, had the effect to fill the Music Hall, to the encouragement, no doubt, as well as flattering pecuniary success of the Society—whose noblest enterprises have so frequently involved loss.

The Oratorio, of course, is full of the grandeur and the beauties, as well as of the mannerisms of Handel. Of the latter, (which belong rather to the age in which he wrote, than to the man) it is indeed unusually full; for, being so dramatic in its structure, it contains a very large and somewhat tedious proportion of recitative and airs, some of which are truly beautiful, while not a few are comparatively empty, conventional and long-spun. We could thankfully omit such songs as "Honor and Arms," and indeed all the music of the blustering challenger Harapha; it scarcely distinguishes itself (to our mind) from the common-place heroic; and so little does the interest reside intrinsically in the music, that it becomes merely a point of curiosity (with that part of an audience who care for such things) to watch with breathless and half painful interest to see how manfully the singer sustains his breath through its fatiguing roulades—as if it were a feat of vocal wrestling. Mind, we are not asserting that the song "Honor and Arms" might not be made even artistically edifying, or that it has not some of Handel's real vigor in it; but considering the feeble chances generally that it will be, we ask: why not omit this from a performance, rather than any of the too few choruses?

Portions of the part of Dalilah, of Manoh, and even of Sampson, too, although characteristic each in style and turn of melody, might well be sacrificed to a brevity which in this case would lend more vitality to the whole. To a great extent the solos were abridged on Sunday evening; but could we not advantageously have spared even more of them for the sake of a few more choruses?

To our mind, "Samson," with all its excellences, cannot compare in interest with "Israel in Egypt," or the "Messiah," or "Judas," or "Jephtha," or even with a large part of "Solomon." After the first two, and we may add the last of these works, we miss in "Samson" that which is Handel's paramount and characteristic greatness, the inexhaustible variety and ocean wealth of choruses. "Samson" has a number of very fine ones; but they are few compared to those of "Israel," or the "Messiah," and in only one or two instances rise to the same height of sustained sublimity. Now it is the choruses which give life to the oratorios of Handel; the airs, making all allowance for the profoundly beautiful and touching character of several in each work, are (unless interpreted by the best of singers) just the parts where dullness creeps in; just the parts about which clings the mannerism of a past age. All things considered, that will be (to truly musical listeners) the most interesting and most memorable Handel oratorio performance, in which there is the greatest wealth of choruses well rendered.

On Sunday evening the choruses were well rendered;—with remarkable precision, unity and life. The first: *Awake the trumpet's lofty sound*, is in truth just a trumpet strain—a sort of jubilant fanfare, or "tusch," as the Germans call it; and they did wisely to omit the repetitions of it. The next: *O first created beam*, is one of the grand ones. The rich majestic opening chords; the sudden blaze of light in the Allegro (*Let there be Light!*); the solemn earnest fugue in the minor (*To thy dark servant life by light afforded*), are finely contrasted and full of interest. Mr. ZERRAHN's choir, however, have yet to learn more careful observance of piano; those first chords were given with full voice, so that the "Light" had not quite all its brightness. "Then shall they know" has hardly the average interest of Handel's choruses. But in: *Then round about the starry throne*, well-known and always fresh, we are at once lifted up again into the high, clear mountain air of Handel; that was sublime, and it was grandly sung. *To dust his glory they would tread*: has rich mournful modulations, very expressive in its alternations with the lovely air: *Return, O God, &c.* The long moralizing chorus: *To man God's universal law Gave power to keep the wife in awe*, was perhaps wisely enough omitted. The six-part chorus: *Hear, Jacob's God*, was also dropped out, as well as a chorus of the Priests of Dagon. The double chorus: *Fixed in his everlasting seat*, with the answering shouts *Jehovah! and Great Dagon!* was very effective, unless you think of comparing it with so many taller and broader Alps in "Israel in Egypt." "With thunder armed," is another electrifying and dramatic chorus: the dying chromatic cadence in long notes: *O save us*, which leads back to the beginning, is singularly beautiful. Passing a short chorus of little interest: *To fame immortal go*, we come to the chorus of Philistines: *Great Dagon has subdued our foe*, which is one

of the finest in the work, and was most satisfactorily given. The short cry of distress from the Philistines in the distance; the touching strain: *Weep, Israel, weep*; and the splendid finale: *Let their celestial concerts all unite* complete what there is of choruses in "Samson." The last was glorious, and worth waiting through dreary lengths of sleepily half sung recitative, to hear.

To come now to the solos. Mme. ANNA BISHOP's preservation of her voice, as well as of her style (a cultivated artist like her always preserves that), was truly astonishing. She sang quite as effectively as when she was here last. To be sure, she avoided low notes, and there was the same old tendency in her high voice to the extreme upper edge of pitch; but this is physical and not often or much offensive, while the taking of her intervals is for the most part singularly true. Some of her notes have still a splendid resonance, which fades away in others. But there was the sure, artistic, eloquent and telling execution throughout; the finest English singing (at least of elaborate and florid music) that we have heard. Miss PYNE may execute as fluently and finely, but with far less vitality. To give life and charm to those curled and simpering and purposely affected melodies which Handel has put into the mouth of Dalilah, was a good test of an artistic singer, and Mme. Bishop did that. And how triumphantly she carried up "the loud uplifted angel trumpets" of the splendid air: *Let the bright seraphim!*

Mrs. LONG more than held her own in the music of Micah, and gave a very satisfactory rendering of the exquisitely tender air: *Return, O God of Hosts*, which is one of the immortal melodies of Handel. Mr. C. R. ADAMS sang some parts of Samson's music beautifully; but in other parts there was evidence of overstraining, force unevenly exerted, a worn sound (as from over-work, and careless work) in his naturally sweet tenor; besides attempts at certain effects not in the best taste; for instance, in the fine air: *Total eclipse*, in the exclamations *No sun! No moon!*—both on the same notes—he seemed to make the moon a reflection (or echo) of the sun, by singing it *sotto voce*, which had a tendency (at least as he did it) to cause a smile. The aged Manoh had by far too much to sing. Mr. POWERS lends no elasticity to his recitative; and generally his tones were lifeless, throaty, self-swallowed like a dry morsel, and often not in tune. Mr. AIKEN, who kindly undertook the ungracious part of Haraphah, in the absence of Dr. GUILMETTE, of New York, gave us no cause to regret the change.

The orchestra was excellent; the overture, good, in spite of its old forms, the funeral march (introduced from "Saul"), and the accompaniments generally, were all we could desire. Mr. ZERRAHN has trained his forces with his usual ability and thoroughness; and such was the satisfaction of the audience that "Samson" is announced again, for the second and last time, for to-morrow evening.

ORCHESTRAL UNION. The sixth Afternoon Concert, on Wednesday, drew a large and delighted audience. The pieces were as follows:

1. Symphony. No. 5. (1st time in Boston.).....Mozart.
2. Waltz. Philomena.....Strauss.
3. Rondo Aimable. Solo for Clarinet.....Muller.  
Mr. T. Ryan.
4. Overture, Der Freyschütz.....Weber.

5. Ballet. From Robert Le Diable.....Meyerbeer.
6. Reminiscences of Tannhäuser.....Hamm.
7. Marsellaise Galop.....Lumbye.

A new Mozart symphony one would go far for. This one could not be called equal to the three which are most played; and yet we heard it with great interest. The first movement has a stately Olympian energy, which Mozart so often has; and the slow movement is full of beauty. Let us have it again, pray. The *Freyschütz* overture is still fresh. Mr. RYAN was happy in his selection of a clarinet solo, to which he did good justice.

### Madame Louise Abel.

The fine impression made at the last Concert of the Quintette Club, by the piano-playing of this very superior young artiste, has been repeated and confirmed since by two concerts of her own, given at the Meionaeon.

The first was on Friday evening of last week, with the following programme:

- 1—Quintet in E flat, No. 4.....Mozart  
Quintette Club.
- 2—Song: "In the eye, there lies the heart,".....Abt  
Mrs. Long.
- 3—Trio, in G major, op. 1.....Beethoven  
Introduction and Allegro—Largo—Scherzo—Finale, Presto.  
Madame Abel, and Messrs. Schultze and Fries.
- 4—Aria: "Sò ave immagine,".....Mercedante  
Mrs. Long.
- 5—(a) Etude in A flat.....Chopin  
(b) Variations on the "Harmonious Blacksmith," in E major,  
Haendel  
Madame Abel.
- 6—Quartet, No. 6, in B flat, op. 18.....Beethoven  
Quintette Club.
- 7—Fantaisie Chromatique, in D minor.....S. Bach  
Madame Abel.
- 8—Spring Song, (accompanied by the author,).....Lang  
Mrs. Long.
- 9—Danse des Fées.....E. Prudent  
Madame Abel.

That early trio of Beethoven, though not one of his most interesting, afforded fine scope for the clear, finished, graceful, and evenly sustained execution of Mme. ABEL. We could not wish to have it more beautifully rendered. The selection from Chopin was not a particularly characteristic one—hardly more than literally an *étude*, in which the player could show some of the outward features, but not much of the spiritual tone of Chopin's music. It was done with infallible nicety. Handel's Variations gave unqualified satisfaction; the rendering was even better than before, and perfectly artistic. The *Chromatic Fantaisie* of old Bach sounded modern enough, as well as dreamy and imaginative enough, for Chopin; and the purity, vitality and grace of rendering were delicious; we only wished that the Fugue might follow. In answer to a warm encore, Mme. Abel played here an airy little fancy of Gottschalk's, in which she showed herself gracefully mistress of the modern flowery arts of new school pianism. The *Danse des Fées* had a clear poetic finish in spite of the continuous, difficult finger play which it requires.

It was, we believe, the general and just conclusion, that we have had no lady pianist who was at all the equal of Mme. Abel; the grace and elegance of Thalberg, almost, with more earnestness.

Mrs. LONG was in uncommonly good voice; and the Quintette Club had selected pieces in which their instruments are always sure to blend familiarly and finely, while they are worth hearing many, many times. Mr. Schultze's violin led the way invitingly and delicately through the melodious mazes of Mozart.

At the second Concert, on Wednesday evening, we had certainly expected to see greater numbers present, both from the genuine good opinion which the artist has won with the most appreciative, and



from the reduced price of so excellent an entertainment. But the hall was by no means filled. We are really ashamed for our musical public: where is the live interest in Art which can be indifferent to such appeals! The programme was good again:

- 1—Quintet in B flat, No. 6,.....Mozart  
Allegro and Andante  
Quintette Club.
- 2—Theme, Variations, and Finale, from the Kreutzer Sonata, in A, op. 47,.....Beethoven  
Madame Abel and Mr. Schultze.
- 3—Songs without Words, for Quintette,.....Mendelssohn  
Quintette Club.
- 4—The Last Hope, Meditation,.....Gottschalk  
Madame Abel.
- 5—Allegro and Tema con Variazioni, from the Quartet in A, No. 5, op. 18,.....Beethoven  
Quintette Club.
- 6—Polonaise Brillante, pour Piano et Violoncelle,.....Chopin  
Madame Abel and Wulf Fries.
- 7—Andante and Rondo from the Clarinet Quintet,.....Weber  
Quintette Club.
- 8—Sonata in C major, Allegro,.....Beethoven  
Madame Abel.

The "Kreutzer" variations were again exquisitely rendered. The Chopin *Polonaise* was again not characteristic, being one of his earliest works, and like what more than one pianist might have written; but it is brilliant and graceful, and was rendered to a charm. The opening movement from Beethoven's fitful and romantic Sonata in C, (one of the two about which he is said to have referred an inquirer to Shakspeare's "Tempest,") was really a treat. The rendering was admirable, and we felt it cruel to be bereft of the succeeding movements.

The Quintette Club gave us for the first of the Mendelssohn pieces, under the head of Songs without Words, the quaint, delightful little Canzonet, with fairy episode, from the Quartet in E flat. We mention it, as having proved a charming bit for a variety in the midst of longer pieces.

Mme. ABEL will leave a most pleasing memory with all music-lovers who have heard her here in Boston, and we trust she may ere long return to us to find us more responsive. In the multitude of claims upon every one's intellectual interest, we are slow sometimes to put ourselves *en rapport* with real merit.

### Shakspeare's "Tempest."

Many of our readers, who no doubt will go to-night to hear the "Tempest" read by Mrs. KEMBLE, will approach it with a deeper interest, and truer insight, after a perusal of the following remarks upon the play, written for the *Home Journal*, about a year ago, by Mrs. Kemble herself.

The "Tempest" is my favorite of all Shakspeare's dramas. The remoteness of the scene from all familiar localities allows a range to the imagination such as no other of his plays affords; not even the "Midsummer Night's Dream," in which, though some of the *dramatis persone* are superhuman, the scene is laid in a wood near Athens, and Theseus and Hippolita, though mythological rather than historical personages, are yet amongst the early acquaintance of our school days.

But on that uninhabited island, lost in unknown seas, the wandering fancy finds unfettered scope; and, while the scene is remote from all places with which we hold acquaintance, the action—simple in the extreme, and having more reference to past events than to the development of any dramatic plot, through the agency of violent or complicated incidents—allows the imagination to float undisturbed on the smooth and profound stream of poetical inspiration, which characterizes this above all other plays.

But chiefly I delight in the "Tempest" because of the image which it presents to my mind of the supremacy of the righteous human soul over all things by which it is surrounded. Prospero is to me the embodiment of human wisdom and virtue, in their true relation to the various elements of existence, the external world in which they are placed, and the mortal fellowship by which they are affected and influenced.

Of the wonderful chain of being, of which Caliban is the lowest and Ariel the most ethereal limit, Prospero is the main and middle link.

And first we have the gross, ungainly, powerful savage, who represents the lower and more ponderous natural elements—the earth and the waters under the earth—and, as the science of the great magician compels these to his service, so the lower part of man's nature, its coarse and fierce propensities (of which Caliban is also the representative,) are held in stern subjection by him who is the type of that nature's noblest development. Next in the scale, but one grade higher, come the drunken, ribald, stupid followers of the King of Naples, whose ignorance, cowardice, cruelty and knavery represent the worst aspect of that great portion of all communities that can only be raised to civilization under the wholesome restraint of wise authority, and which is always found in natural alliance with the rebellion of brute force and savage ferocity against the powers by which they are controlled. These figures are succeeded by the cunning, treacherous, selfish worldlings, the princes—Prospero's peers in station—and their courtiers, whose villainous and cruel conspiracy (aided, indeed, by his own dereliction of right in neglecting the duties of his state for the delights of his study) overthrows his fortune, and triumphs, for a while, over truth and justice in his person.

From these, who represent the baser intellectual, as the former characters do the baser sensual properties of humanity, how gentle and graceful is the transition, through the skillfully interposed figure of the kind, old, courtly Lord Gonzalo, to those charming types of youth and beauty, Ferdinand and Miranda, in whose fervent devotion and yielding sweetness we have the impersonations of those sentiments and passions which, watched and guided by the paternal prudence of Prospero, receive the sanction of his tender wisdom, and are pruned of their luxuriance, and supported in their weakness, by the temperate restraint that teaches forbearance and self-control as the price at which these exquisite flowers of existence unfold their blossoms prosperously, and bear their appointed harvest of happiness and goodness as well as pleasure.

Next in this wonderful scale of being, governed by the sovereign soul of Prospero, we have the Spirits of the Masque—beautiful, bright apparitions, fitly representing the air, the fire, the flowery and fruitful seasons, and all the more graceful and smiling aspects of nature, which minister with proper obedience to the behests of science; and, when not toiling in appointed labor for the great taskmaster, man, refresh and recreate his senses and his mind with the ever-varying pageant of this beautiful universe.

Last of all—crowning like a flame of lambent brightness this poetic pyramid of existence—flashes and flickers, glitters and sparkles, the beautiful demon, without whose attendance we never see the noble magician and his grave aspect of command. Ariel seems to me to represent the highest intellect separate from moral responsibility. His power and knowledge are, in some respects, greater than those of his master. He lashes up the tempest round the island; he saves the king and his crew from the shipwreck; he defeats the conspiracy of Antonio and Sebastian, and the clumsy plot of the beast Caliban. He wields immediate influence over the elements, and comprehends, without condemnation or sympathy, (which are moral results) the sin and suffering of humanity. Therefore, because he is only a spirit of knowledge, he is made subject to the spirit of love; and the wild, subtle, beautiful, powerful creature is compelled to serve, with mutinous waywardness and unwilling subjection, the human soul that pitied its harsher slavery to sin, and set it free from it; and after compelling it with a wise and necessary severity to the fulfilment of its duties, yearns after it with the tearful eyes of tender, human love, when its wild wings flash away into its newly-recovered region of lawless liberty.

### Musical Chit-Chat.

To-night we have the first regular feast of great orchestral music. Let us greet CARL ZERRAHN'S first Philharmonic Concert with a full house. He will give us that delicious, sunshiny Symphony of Beethoven, No. 8; Spohr's Overture to *Jessonda* (interesting peculiarly just now); and for novelties one of List's famous "Symphonic Poems" and the overture to the "Sicilian Vespers." Besides which he has the great attraction of the first and only appearance of the young prodigy pianist, ARTHUR NAPOLEON, who will play Weber's *Concertstück*, and other pieces. . . . To-morrow night, "Samson", again, with Mme. BISHOP. . . . Next Tuesday night, the second chamber concert of the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, who will play a pianoforte

Quartet of Mendelssohn (Mr. B. J. LANG, pianist), a Quintet by Onslow, a Quartet by Mozart, and other good things.

At the New York Academy last week, Mozart's "Magic Flute" was performed, for the first time (we think) in America, to a crowded audience—that is, the first time dramatically; Mr. Fry says in the *Tribune*:

"The Magic Flute" has already been produced in splendid style in the concert room in this country. William Norris, Esq., of Philadelphia, an eminent amateur of music, and great Mozartist, spent, some sixteen years ago, about \$4,000 above the receipts to have this work performed twice at the great Music Hall of that city. It was three months in rehearsal, was executed by sixty choice musicians in the orchestra, and a chorus of great force—Mr. and Mrs. Seguin doing the leading parts. Mr. Norris expressed himself perfectly satisfied in having to pay \$2,000 for being present and enjoying each of the two nights this opera was so given. Such liberality is unequalled in this country in the history of art. Mr. Norris afterward went to Europe, and while there sought out Mozart's son, who died recently at the age of eighty.

Many friends of music in New York will lament to learn that Mrs. ANNA J. WARREN, wife of Mr. CHARLES W. WARREN, of that city, died Nov. 9th, of typhoid fever, in Paris, where she had been cultivating her musical talent during the past year.

DEATH OF DR. LOUIS SPOHR.—The death of this eminent musician was quite tranquil. He had been confined to his bed for eight days, and his complaint was of such a nature as afforded not the least hopes of his recovery. As soon as the melancholy intelligence reached Brunswick, the two brothers of Dr. Spohr—one the father of the Countess Sauerma (better known as the celebrated harpist, Rosalie Spohr), the other assessor of the ducal chambers, both residents—hastened to Hesse-Cassel, and were present at the last services paid to the illustrious master. The funeral of the great composer was marked by many reverential tokens honorable alike to the living and the dead. The Prince Elector of Hesse Cassel gave orders to his court marshal to arrange the whole of the procession, which was half an hour in length. The Queen of Hanover sent palm and laurel branches to decorate the sarcophagus. The choruses of the funeral service were executed by the leading members of the Opera and the Grand Ducal chapel. Pupils of Dr. Spohr, scattered over all Germany, arrived at various stages of the ceremony to pay their last tribute of respect to their master—one or two coming from Holland. Dr. Spohr was close upon his 80th year.

## Music Abroad.

### Germany.

WEIMAR.—On the eve of Schiller's hundredth birthday, according to report, a festival-piece, by Halm, is to be performed in the theatre, and afterwards, the *Lay of the Bell*, represented in *tableaux vivants*. On the poet's birthday, a solemn procession will wend its way to his grave, and there sing a chorale. In the evening, the entertainments will consist of *The Bride of Messina*, followed by a grand torchlight procession. (Schiller's coffin, as well as that of Goethe, is placed in the grand-ducal vault, a plain, noble, temple-like building, in the large new churchyard to the south-east of the town. In the vault, by the side of his wife, reposes, also, the Grand-duke Carl Augustus. On his sarcophagus is the inscription: "Just and mild, valiant and wise." On the east side of the churchyard, not far from the grand-ducal vault, is the grave of Pius Alexander Wolff, the young dramatic disciple of Goethe. A lyre marks his resting-place. He died in 1828, at Weimar, as he was returning from Ems.)—*Theater-Archiv*.

COLOGNE.—With the first Gesellschafts-Concert, given on Wednesday, the 26th ult., in the Gürzenich Rooms, now completely finished, the musical season may fairly be said to have commenced most brilliantly. The programme consisted of the overture to *Euryanthe*, by C. M. von Weber; "Ave, verum," hymn for chorus and orchestra, by Mozart; pianoforte concerto, in G major, by Beethoven, performed by Madame Schumann; "Höre, Israel," aria from *Elijah*, by Mendelssohn, sung by Madlle. C. Beste, from Bremen; Scherzo, in B minor, by Chopin; Gavotte, by J. S. Bach; *Fantaisie Impromptu*, by Chopin, played by Madame Schumann; and the *Lohengrin*, by Mendelssohn, the solos in the latter being taken by Mesdemoiselles Beste, Saardt, and Herr A. Pütz. It would be superfluous to speak at length of



the playing of Madame Schumann, and we will, therefore, content ourselves with remarking that she was duly applauded, and executed with charming effect Chopin's *Fantaisie Impromptu* (Op. 66), which was not originally set down for her in the programme. Mozart's wonderful "Ave, verum," produced the most profound impression. The orchestral works had been diligently rehearsed, and the execution of them left nothing to be desired.—The Committee for the Schiller Festival have already begun their labors. As far as it is possible to speak with any certainty at present, a performance will be given on the evening before the festival in the Vaudeville Theatre, which will be especially decorated for the occasion. The 10th November itself will be celebrated by a concert in the Gürzenich Rooms, all the pieces selected having some reference to Schiller. To this end, Ferdinand Hiller is engaged in composing music to a cantata written by Professor Bischoff, and Wolfgang Müller is busy on a prologue. At the same time, a representation of some of Schiller's works will be given in the Vaudeville Theatre. According to report, these works will consist of *The Lay of the Bell*, with scenic accessories, *Wallenstein's Lager*, and a piece written for the occasion. On the 11th November, there is to be a dramatic and musical amateur performance, the programme of which is not yet settled. The receipts are destined to the Schiller-Fund. In all probability, a banquet in the Casino will form part of the festivities. It is also decided that lists shall be immediately sent round, in order to collect contributions to the Schiller-Fund, and we trust the venerable old city will exceed its wonted liberality.

STUTTGART.—Meyerbeer has sent the King a magnificently bound copy of his new opera, which he is desirous of having performed here. It is not unlikely that Meyerbeer may visit this capital on the occasion of the Schiller Festival.

MUNICH.—According to report, the cost of reviving *Otello* amounted to more than 6,000 florins. Ten entirely new scenes were painted for it.

VIENNA.—Ludwig Uhland has written a poem for the Schiller Festival, and there is a rumor that Meyerbeer has consented to set it to music.

MULHEIM ON THE RUHR.—Ferdinand Hiller's *Zerstörung Jerusalems* was given here with immense success, on the 23rd ult., under the personal direction of the composer.

VIENNA, NOV. 8. (From Correspondence of the New York Tribune).—Yesterday evening the cycle of festivities in honor of the Schiller centenary opened with musical and poetical entertainments in the Vienna theatre, which the *Concordia*, a club formed by artists and literary men, had appropriated for that purpose. The throng of visitors proving too much for the dimensions of the theatre, many people had to wend their way back and heard their enthusiasm for a larger field for the exercise of it. The scene represented a sort of hallowed grove round Schiller's bust, encircled by laurels. All Viennese are born musicians, and during the long epoch when they were forbidden to find fault with anything else, they were allowed to vent their spleen on music. Musical criticism played the same part in Vienna that literary and philosophical criticism did at Berlin—that of a breaker of public spirit. It was, therefore, to be foreseen on this solemn occasion, the audience would not be disappointed as to the choice and the execution of the musical *morceau*. An overture of Beethoven was followed by the execution of such poems of Schiller as had the good chance of being translated into musical language by Schubert, the greatest lyrical composer not only of Germany, but of the world. You know that Schiller's lyrical productions, for the most part, have been very indifferently done into notes, the fault being the poet's rather than that of the composer. Schiller's lyrics are mostly spoiled by moral meditation, and, therefore, lack that naive strain, that unpretending modesty of nature, that innate music which characterizes the old lays spontaneously produced by most nations in the primitive epochs of their life. Schubert alone was able to overcome this inherent difficulty, and still he had to be very choice in the selection of his themes. *En passant*, I may remark that most precious manuscripts, consisting of five symphonies, some operas, sacred music, and so forth, composed by Schubert, lie still sealed up and jealously watched in the Vienna Court of Chancery, which has not yet decided upon the conflicting claims of the heirs of Ferdinand Schubert, the composer's brother, among whose bequests that hidden treasure was found. Meyerbeer's festival cantata might have done very well, if it had not followed in the track of Beethoven and Schubert.

The same holds true with the text of the cantata, written by Mr. Pfau, which had the ill luck to be preceded by texts written by Frederick Schiller.

The political significance of the evening's festivity came out in Dr. Schuselka's speech on the life and the influence of Schiller. All allusions to contemporaneous history were rapturously applauded, Dr. Schuselka's very appearance looked like a protest against the State and the Church, since his name was, on the one hand, mixed up with the events of 1838 and 1849; while, on the other hand, he is the acknowledged chief of German Catholicism in Austria.

The festivity concluded with "Schiller's Apotheosis," a fine tableau drawn up by Professor Rahl, and represented by the personnel of the *theater an der Wien*. There are some circumstances which the Viennese affirm to establish a peculiar connection between themselves and Friedrich Schiller. First, Schiller's grandson, also a Friedrich von Schiller, serves as an officer in the ranks of the Austrian army. Secondly, one of the members of the Vienna Schiller Committee, a piano-forte maker, a certain Streicher, happens to be the son of the late Andrew Streicher, a musician, who, in 1782 fled with Schiller from the *Carlsschule*, at Stuttgart, and for four years shared like a second Pylades, all the miseries of his friend. On Streicher's death, in 1833, a posthumous manuscript of his, which, in truly classic style, describes Schiller's flight, was published by Cotta.

### London.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The directors, who take advantage of every occasion to get up a musical excitement, were not likely to allow the recent erection of a monument in Finchley Cemetery to Sir Henry Bishop, to pass by without chronicling the event. Accordingly, last Saturday's concert was entirely devoted to a programme selected from the works of Sir Henry Bishop, vocal and instrumental, executed by the London Glee and Madrigal Union and the band of the Crystal Palace. As a matter of course, the instrumental portion of the scheme played but a very secondary part, and was confined to the overtures to *The Slave* and *Cortez*—two operas now almost entirely forgotten, with the exception of pieces from the first named. A more favorable selection of the composer's music might certainly have been made, and the solos might have been entrusted to more eminent singers; but the performance, nevertheless, was eminently successful, and the London Glee and Madrigal Union may be said to have covered themselves with laurels.

To-day, a selection from the works of Dr. Spohr will be given, including his great symphony, *The Power of Sound*, and one of his violin concertos, to commemorate the recent death of the composer.—*Musical World*, Nov. 5.

### Dublin.

The performance of last evening was the noblest heard here since the Festival of 1831. The band and chorus were ample in the extreme, and the whole went intelligibly and grandly, being distinguished for great breadth and beauty of coloring. We may safely cite a few of the choruses that were particularly impressive: "And the glory of the Lord," "Oh! thou that tellest," "For unto us a Child is born," "Surely He hath borne our griefs," "All we like sheep," "The Lord gave the Word," "The Hallelujah," &c. In fact, it was a most satisfactory interpretation of the illustrious Handel's finest composition. Some of the solos demand special observation. Mad. Goldschmidt—whose generous offer of giving her gratuitous services to the two charities originated the large gathering of last evening—sang as few even of the most gifted ever sing. What was so entirely admirable was her thorough conception of the words to be delivered, and her complete sympathy with their meaning. This made the sentences she either declaimed or sustained very precious; while the devotional feeling manifested in the delivery of "Come unto Him" and "I know that my Redeemer liveth" were rarely, if ever, equalled by any other artist. The "Rejoice greatly" was a piece of fine vocalism. Altogether, this generous and gifted lady's singing of sacred music places her amongst the highest of the children of song. Mr. Lockey rendered "Comfort ye, my people," "Thy rebuke," and "Thou shalt break them," with much fervor. Mrs. Lockey gave "Oh! Thou that tellest" and "He was despised" with clearness of tone and manner. Signor Belletti sang the *arias* allotted to him with great skill, tone, and finish. The band and chorus were splendid. The whole was under the direction of Mr. Joseph Robinson, who proved himself equal to the occasion, keeping all together with skill and discretion.—*Dublin Evening Mail*.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Through the wildwood. (De l'oiseau.) From Meyerbeer's opera "*Le Pardon de Ploërmel*." 25

Arietta for high soprano, interwoven with little phrases like the song of birds, producing a peculiar and very charming effect.

Blue Bells of Scotland. Variations by

Oliver S. Adams. 50

A composition of much brilliancy and power, which gives promise of many good things to come from the young composer.

I oft remember thee. Song. C. Gustavus Fitze. 25

A sweet sentimental ballad.

#### Instrumental Music.

Halle, with variations. Handel Pond. 25

Easy and brilliant variations on the popular air "Gentle Halle."

Bilbas March. Charlotte Petersen. 25

Bell March. M. E. Follansbee. 10

Railroad Galop. J. Reed Adam. 25

Delta Phi Waltz. J. S. Drake. 25

For recreation and amusement. All adapted for amateurs.

Souvenir de Carneval. Polka de Concert.

O. L. Schultz. 25

More difficult than the foregoing, although not out of the reach of somewhat advanced players.

Arbor Waltz. C. A. Ingraham. 30

A pretty little trifle with a sweet vignette on the title-page, representing a couple of Spanish children in the performance of a national dance, accompanying themselves with castagnettes.

Nocturne in E, op. 135. Edouard Wolff. 25

A perfect gem. This nocturne was a great favorite with Alfred Jaell, who played it a good deal in society.

La Pastorella dell' alpi. Transcribed and varied.

J. E. Muller. 35

A celebrated Swiss melody, from Rossini's "Soirées musicales." Arranged tastefully. Moderately difficult.

#### Books.

CANTATE DOMINO. A Collection of Chants, Hymns and Tunes, adapted to Church Service by L. H. Steiner and H. Schwing. 1,25

This work comprises standard English hymns, with translations from the Latin and German. In their selection an effort has been made to include those that have become endeared to the Christian by the associations of years—without reference to the peculiar denominational connections of the authors. The first portion of the book has been prepared with special regard to the needs of the Liturgy published for the use of the German Reformed Church; but the chants and sentences included in it will be found available by all religious bodies.

The hymn tunes have been mostly obtained from the Service and Choral Books of the German Churches which abound in Standard music of a purely devotional character. Many of these will be found new to English ears. The collection also contains tunes by modern composers, specially prepared for the hymns attached to them.

The Cantate Domino is in form octavo, and issued in a style unexceptionable—beautifully printed from new type, clear and distinct, and substantially bound in black morocco, marble edged, and in every particular superior to the usual style of similar works.

